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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BATTLE SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, shout, brothers, shout! Call the echoes out!

Shout the bugles call, lead the drums beat!
Glory to the Lord! Forward is the word!
He is a coward who dreams of retreat!

Courage, to-day in gallant array
We stand to enforce Heaven's righteous law;

Since the world began, the blood of mortal man
Never was poured in a holier cause!

Soldiers of the Lord, to-day with the sword
We write our own histories as with a pen;

Forward to the front, and in the battle's breast,
Fight like valiant heroes, and die like men!

For those whose dear lives in gory stains
The goal of the mine, the wealth of the sea,
We'll strike with our might for Freedom and Right,
Till the God of Victory crowns us with Peace.

Now, brave loyal band, we'll take the parting hand,
Breathe the last blessing, speak the parting word,

For never, my men, may all join hands again,
Till we meet at the judgment seat of the Lord!

H. M. M. T.

SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE,"
"EAST LYONS," "THE CHATELAIN," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FIT OF AMABILITY IN CRIS.

Rupert came down to breakfast the next morning. He was cold, sick, shivery; little better than he had felt the previous night; his chest was sore, his breathing painful. A good fire burnt in the grate of the breakfast room—Miss Diana was a friend to fire, and caused them to be lighted as soon as the heat of summer had passed—and Rupert bent over it. He cared for it more than for food; and yet it was no doubt the having gone without food the previous day which was causing the sensation of sickness within him now.

Miss Diana glided in, erect and majestic. "How are you this morning?" she asked of Rupert.

"Pretty well," he answered, as he warmed his thin hands over the blaze. "I have got the old pain here a bit,"—touching his chest. "It will go off by-and-by, I dare say."

Miss Diana had her eyes riveted on him. The extreme delicacy of his countenance—his lines of fading health—struck upon her greatly. Was he looking worse?—or was it that her absence from home for three weeks had caused her to notice it more than she had done when seeing him daily? She asked herself the question, and she could not decide.

"You don't look very well, Rupert."

"Don't? I have not felt well for this week or two. I think the walking to Blackstone and back is too much for me."

"You must have a pony," she continued, after a pause.



U. S. GUNBOATS LOUISVILLE, CARONDELET, PITTSBURG, AND MORTAR BOATS IN DEER CREEK, SHELING A REBEL BATTERY FROM THE WOODS.
(FROM A SKETCH BY LEWIS, GEORGE W. BARTLEY.)

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the New York Illustrated News, illustrates one of the recent events in Mississippi. The object is going up Deer Creek was to sail through it into the Sunflower River, from thence into the Yazoo, beyond Haines's Bluff, and from thence to the rear

of Vicksburg; but as only one gunboat could ascend the narrow stream at a time, and the enemy having fifteen heavy guns bearing on the creek at Rolling Fork, and also continually falling trees across the stream, the expedition had to be abandoned. Our forces returned safely with a loss of one

soldier and the engineer (on one of the small tug used for towing the mortar-boats) killed, and two or three wounded, capturing several rebel pickets and scouts, and securing plenty of smooth bore, pork and chickens, smoked hams and other luxuries from Dixie. The residents generally evacuated

their homes at short notice, leaving everything behind them; and the whites who stayed at home and the negroes expressed the warmest attachment to our powder-iron-clads steaming up a little but very deep creek, scarcely wider than themselves.

"Ah! that would be a help to me," he said, his countenance brightening. "I might get on better with what I have to do when there. Mr. Chattaway grumbles, and grumbles; but I declare to you, Aunt Diana, that I do my best. The walk there seems to take away all my energy, and, by the time I sit down, I am unfit for work."

Miss Diana went nearer to him, and spoke in a lower tone.

"What was the reason that you disobeyed Mr. Chattaway with regard to coming in?" "I did not do it intentionally," he replied. "The time slipped on, and it got late without my noticing it. I think I told you so last night, Aunt Diana."

"Very well. It must not occur again," she said, peremptorily and significantly. "If you are looked out in future, I shall not interfere."

Mr. Chattaway came in, settling himself into his coat, with a discontented gesture and blue face. He was none the better for his night of sleeplessness, and the torment which had caused it.

Rupert drew away from the fire, leaving the field clear for him: as a schoolboy does at the entrance of his master.

"Don't let us have this trouble with you repeated," he roughly said to Rupert. "As soon as you have breakfasted, you make the best of your way to Blackstone: and don't lag on the road."

"Rupert's not going to Blackstone to-day," said Miss Diana.

Mr. Chattaway turned upon her: no very pleasant expression on his countenance.

"What's that for?"

"I shall keep him at home for a week," she said, "and let him be nursed. After that, I dare say he'll be stronger, and can attend better to his duty in all ways."

Mr. Chattaway could willingly have braved Miss Diana—if he had only dared. But he did not dare. He strode to the breakfast table and took his seat, leaving those who liked to follow him.

It has been remarked that there was a latent antagonism ever at work in the hearts of George Ryle and Octave Chattaway; and there was certainly ever perpetual, open, and visible antagonism between the actions of Mr. Chattaway and Miss Diana Trevlyn, in so far as they related to the ruling economy at Trevlyn Hold. She had the open-heartedness of the Trevlyns—she was liberal on the estate and in the household—she would have been niggardly to a degree. Miss Diana, however, was the one to reign paramount, and he was angered every hour of his life, by seeing some extravagance—as he deemed it—which might have been avoided. He could indifferently himself at the mines; and there he did as he pleased.

Breakfast over, Mr. Chattaway went out. Cris went out. Rupert, as the day grew warm and bright, strolled into the garden,

and basked on the bench there in the sun. He very much enjoyed these days of idleness. To sit as he was doing now, feeling that no exertion whatever was required of him, that he might stay where he was for the whole day, and gaze up at the blue sky as he fell into thought, or watch the light, fleecy clouds that rose above the horizon, and form them in his fancy to groups of animals, of mountains, of many fantastic things—constituted one of the pleasures of Rupert Trevlyn's life. Not for the bright blue of the sky, not for the wreathing and ever-changing clouds, not even for the warm sunshine and the balmy air—it was not for all these he cared, but for the rest. The delightful consciousness that he might be as still as he pleased; that no Blackstone or any other far-to-be-reached place would demand him; that for a whole day he might be at rest—there lay the boon. Nothing could possibly have been more suggestive of his want of strength—as anybody might have guessed who possessed sufficient penetration.

No. Mr. Chattaway need not have feared that Rupert was engaged hatching plots against him, whenever he was out of his sight. Had poor Rupert possessed the desire to hatch such, he would have lacked the energy.

The dinner hour at Trevlyn Hold, nominally early, was frequently regulated by the will or the movements of the master. When he said he could only be home by a given hour—three, four, five, six, as the case might be—then the cook had her orders accordingly. It was fixed on this day for four o'clock. At two (the more ordinary hour for it) Cris came in.

Strictly speaking, however, it was ten minutes past two, and Cris burst into the dining-room with a heated face, afraid lest he should come in for the fall of the meal. Whatever might be the hour fixed, the dinner was required to be on the table to the minute; and it generally was so. Miss Diana was an exacting mistress. Cris burst in, hair untidy, hands unwashed, desperately afraid of losing his share.

A long face drew his. Not a soul was in the room, and the dining-table showed its bright mahogany, nothing upon it. Cris pulled the bell.

"What time do we dine to-day?" he asked, in a sharp tone, of the servant who answered it.

"At four, sir."

"What a nuisance! And I am as hungry as a hunter. Get me something to eat. Here—stop, you!—where are they all?"

"Madam's at home, sir; and I think Miss Octave's at home. The rest are out."

Cris muttered something which was not heard, which perhaps he did not intend should be heard; and when his luncheon was brought in, he sat down to it with great satisfaction. After he had finished,

he went to the stables, and by-and-by came in to find his sister.

"I say, Octave, I want to take you for a drive. Will you go?"

The unwonted attention on her brother's part quite astonished Octave. Before now she had asked him to drive her out, and been met with rough refusal. Cris was of that class of young gentlemen who see no good in overpowering their sisters with politeness.

"Get your things on at once," said Cris.

Octave felt dubious. She was engaged writing letters to some particular friends with whom she kept up a correspondence, and did not much care to be interrupted.

"Where is it to go, Cris?"

"Anywhere. We can drive through Barmester, and so home by the cross roads. Or we'll go down the lower road to Barbrook and go on to Barmester that way."

The suggestions did not offer sufficient attraction to Octave.

"No," said she. "I am busy, Cris, and shall not go out this afternoon. I don't care to drive out when there's nothing to go for."

"You may as well come. It isn't often I ask you."

"No, that it is not," returned Octave, with emphasis. "You have some particular motive in asking me to go now, I know. What is it, Cris?"

"I want to try my new horse. They say he'll go beautifully in harness."

"What! that handsome horse you took a fancy to the other day?—that papa said you should not buy?"

Cris nodded.

"They let me have him for forty-five pounds."

"Where did you get the money?" wondered Octave.

"Never your mind. I have paid ten pounds down, and they'll wait for the rest. Will you come?"

"No," said Octave. "I shan't go out to-day."

The refusal perhaps was somewhat softened by the dashing up to the door of the dog-cart with the new purchase in it; and Cris ran out.

A handsome animal, certainly, but apparently a remarkably sprightly one, for it was executing a dance on its hind legs.

Mrs. Chattaway came through the hall, dressed for walking. Cris seized upon her.

"Mother, dear, you'll go for a drive with me," cried he, earnestly. "Octave won't—an ill-natured thing!"

It was so unusual a circumstance to find herself made much of by her son, spoken to affectionately, that Mrs. Chattaway in very surprise and gratitude, ascended the dog-cart forthwith.

"I am glad to accompany you, dear," she

softly said. "I was only going to walk in the garden."

But before Cris had gathered the reins in his hand and taken his place beside her, George Ryle came up, and somewhat hindered the departure.

"I have been to Barmester to see Caroline this morning, Mrs. Chattaway, and have brought you a message from Amelia," he said, keeping his hold on the side of the dog-cart as he spoke—as much of a hold as he could keep on it, for the dancing horse.

"That she wants to come home, I suppose?" said Mrs. Chattaway, smiling.

"The message I was charged with was, that she would come home," he said, smiling in answer. "The fact is Caroline is coming home for a few days; and Amelia thinks she will be cruelly dealt by, unless she is allowed the holiday also."

"Caroline is coming to the harvest home?"

"Yes, I told Amelia."

The holding on became impossible; and George drew back, and took a critical survey of the new horse.

"Why, it is the horse Atkins has had for sale!" he exclaimed. "What brings him here, Cris?"

"I have bought him," shortly answered Cris.

"Have you? Mrs. Chattaway, I would not advise you to venture out behind that horse. I do not think he has been broken in for harness."

"He has," returned Cris. "You mind your own business. Do you think I should drive him if he were not safe? He's only skittish. I understand horses, I hope, as well as you."

George turned to Mrs. Chattaway.

"Do not go with him," he urged. "Let Cris try him first alone."

"I am not afraid, George," she said in a loving accent. "It is not often Cris finds time to drive me. Thank you all the same."

Cris gave the horse his head, and the animal dashed off. George stood watching until the angle in the avenue hid them from view, and then gave utterance to an involuntary exclamation:—

"Cris has no right to risk the life of his mother."

Not very long afterwards, this skittish horse was flying along the road, with nothing of the dog-cart left behind him, except its shafts.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN INVASION AT THE PARSONAGE.

On the lower road, leading from Trevlyn Farm to Barbrook, was situated Barbrook rectory. A pretty house it was, covered with ivy, standing in the midst of a productive garden, and surrounded by green

banks. An exceedingly pretty place for a residence, and one which would be well adapted for anything that could be called a home. It was a very old house, and the present inhabitants, who were of the name of Trevlyn, had been in the possession of it for many generations. The house was in the gift of a neighboring nobleman, and was sold by one of the family, and he belonged to his house (based on ancestral custom) to a cousin. It had been so in the old times when Squire Trevlyn dwelt there, and it was so still. Whence were abroad that when the death of this cousin should take place—a very old man, both as to his years, and to his company of his personal still—changes would be made, and the last members of the Trevlyn would have to live on the wing. But this has nothing to do with us, and I don't know why I mentioned it.

Mr. Freeman had been curate of the place for more than twenty years. He succeeded the Rev. Squire Dean, of whom you have heard. Mr. Dean had remained at Barbrook but a very short time after his sister's marriage to Joe Trevlyn. That event had not tended to alter the irritation existing between Trevlyn Hold and the parsonage, and as some promotion being offered to Mr. Dean, he embraced it. The promotion given him was in the West Indies; he would not have chosen to undertake a residence there under happier auspices; but he felt sick of the continual contention with Squire Trevlyn. Mr. Dean went out to the West Indies, and died; carried off by fever within six months of his arrival. Mr. Freeman had succeeded him at Barbrook, and Mr. Freeman was there still; a married man, without children.

The parsonage household was very modest. One servant only was kept; and if you have the pleasure of forcing both ends to meet yearly upon the moderate sum of one hundred pounds sterling, you will wonder how even that servant could be retained. But a clergyman has advantages in some points over the rest of the world, at least this one had; his home being held rent free, and his garden supplying more vegetables and fruit than they could consume. Some of the choicest fruit, indeed, he sold; I hope you won't think any the worse of him for doing so. His superfluous vegetables he gave away; and many and many a cabbage leaf full of gooseberries and currants did the little parish children look out for, and get. He was a quiet, pleasant little man of fifty, with a fair face and fat double chin; never an ill word had he had with anybody in the parish since he came into it. His wife was pleasant, too, and talkative; and would as soon be caught by visitors making puddings in the kitchen, or shelling the peas for dinner, as sitting up in state, looking out for company.

At the back of the parsonage house, detached from it, was a flagged room called the brewhouse, where washing, brewing, purifying of bedsteads and other abnormal duties out of the regular routine of things, was performed. A furnace was in one corner, a large board which would put up or let down at will, was underneath the casement, and the floor was flagged. On the morning of the day when Mr. Cris Chattaway contrived to separate his dog-cart from its shafts, or to let his new horse do it for him, of which you will hear further presently, this brewhouse was so filled with steam, that it could not be seen across. A tall, strong, rosy-faced woman, looking about thirty years of age, was standing over a washing-tub, rubbing away; and in the furnace, bubbling and boiling, the white linen heaved up and down like the waves of the sea in a ground swell. Altogether, an immense mass of steam congregated, and made itself at home.

You have seen the woman before, though the chances are that you have forgotten all about her. It is Molly, who once lived at Trevlyn Farm. Some five years ago she came to an issue with the ruling potentates at the farm, Mrs. Ryle and Nora, and the result was a parting. Since then Molly had been living at the parsonage, and had grown to be valued by her master and mistress. She looks taller than ever, but you see she has pattered on, to keep her feet off the wet stone of the brewhouse. Indeed, it was much the fashion in that neighborhood for the servant maids to go about in pattens, let the flags be wet or dry.

Molly was rubbing vigorously at her master's surplice—which shared the benefits of the wash with more ignoble things, when the striking out of the church clock caused her to pause, and glance up through the open casement window. She was waiting to count the strokes.

READY FOR DUTY.

Duffy-down-dilly came up in the field. Through the brown meads. Although the March breeze blew him on her feet. Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Duffy-down-dilly had heard under ground. The sweet rubbing sound. Of the stream, as they bent off their white winter chain— Of the whistling spring winds and the patting rain.

"Now then," thought Duffy, deep down in her heart, "It's time I should start!" So she pushed her soft hair through the hind brown ground. Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her,—gray clouds overhead— The trees all looked dead. Then how do you think Duffy-down-dilly felt. When the sun would not shine and the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Duffy, still working away: "The earth's half to-day! There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen. And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!"

I can't do much yet—but I'll do what I can. It's well I began! For unless I can manage to lift up my head, The people will think that the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out. All clustered about; And then her bright flowers began to unfold. Till Duffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

Oh, Duffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true! I wish all were like you! So ready for duty in all sorts of weather, And holding forth courage and beauty together.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XL.

RICHARD THORNTON'S PROMISE.

Eleanor Vane looked very early at all the common, every-day sights connected with the domestic economy of the Pilasters, when she went back to Bloomsbury, after her interview with Mrs. Bannister. She had only lived a year and a half in that humble locality, but it was in her nature to become quickly attached to places as well as persons, and she had grown very fond of the Pilasters. Everybody about the place knew her and loved her. The horses looked out of their open stable-doors as she passed; the dogs came tumbling from their kennels, dragging half-a-dozen yards of rusty iron chain and a heap of straw at their heels, to greet her as she went by; the chimney-sweepers' children courted her notice; and at all the little shops where she had been wont to give orders and pay bills for the Signora, the simple tradespeople tendered her their admiration and homage. Her beauty was a pride to the worthy citizens of the Pilasters. Could all Bloomsbury, from Dudley Street to the Square, produce sunnier golden hair or brighter gray eyes than were to be seen under the shadow of the dilapidated colonnade when Eleanor Vane went by?

In this atmosphere of love and admiration, the girl had been very happy. She had one of those natures in which there lies a wondrous power of assimilation with the manners and habits of others. She was never out of place; she was never in the way. She was not ambitious. Her sunny temperament was the centre of perpetual peace and happiness, only to be disturbed by very terrible thunder-claps of grief and trouble. She had been very happy with the Signora; and to-day, when she looked round the little sitting-room, her eyes resting sadly now on the old piano, now on a shelf of tattered books, romances dear to Richard and herself, and not too well treated by either; now on the young man's flaming magnifying glass, the picture she had loved to criticize and abuse in mischievous enjoyment of the painter's anguish; now as she looked at these things, and remembered how soon she must go away from them, the slow tears trickled down her cheeks, and she stood hopeless, dependent on the gloomy threshold of her new life.

She had found the familiar rooms empty upon her return from Baywater, for the Signora was away teaching beyond the regions of the New Road, and Richard was hard at work at the Phoenix, where there were always new places to be produced and new scenes to be painted. Eleanor had the little sitting-room all to herself; she took off her bonnet and sat down upon the old-fashioned chaise-covered sofa. She buried her head in the cushions and tried to think.

The prospect of a new existence, which would have been delightful to most girls of her age, was utterly distasteful to her. Her nature was adhesive; she would have gone

to the furthest end of the world with her father if he had lived, or with Richard and the Signora, whom she loved only less than she had loved him. But to cover every day, and go out alone into the world with nothing between her and dissolution, was unspeakably terrible to this affectionate, impulsive girl.

If it had been simply a question of her own advantage, if by the sacrifice of her own advancement, her every prospect in life, she might have stayed with the friends she loved, she would not have hesitated for a moment. But it was not so. Mrs. Bannister had clearly told her that she was a burden upon these generous people who had sheltered and comforted her in her hour of misery. The cruel word *parasite* had been flung in her teeth, and with a ringing brain this poor girl set herself to calculate how much her maintenance cost her friends, and how much she was able to contribute out of her own pitiful earnings.

Alas! the balance told against her when the sum was done. Her earnings were very, very small as yet; not because her talent was unappreciated, but because her pupils were poor, and a music-matrona, whose address was Bloomsbury Place, could scarcely demand high payment for her services, or hope to obtain a very aristocratic connection.

No, Mrs. Bannister—stern, uncompromising, and disagreeable as the truth itself—had no doubt been right. Her duty lay before her, plainly indicated by that unpleasant monitor, and she was bound to leave these dear friends, and to go out into the world to fight a lonely battle for herself.

"I may be able to do something for them," she thought; and this thought was the only gleam of light which illumined the darkness of her sorrow. "I may be able to save money enough to buy the Signora a black silk dress, and Richard a morsechaum. I should like to buy Dick a morsechaum; I know the one he'd like—a bulldog's head, with a silver collar round the neck. We looked at it one night at a shop in Holborn."

She rose from the sofa at last with an aching heart and troubled brain, when the early shadows of the spring twilight were gathering in the room. She made up the fire and swept the hearth, and arranged the tea-things on the comfortable round table, and then sat down on a low stool by the fender to toast great rounds of bread which would be as nothing in comparison to Richard's all-devouring capacity after a hard day's work in the scene-room at the Phoenix.

How pleasant it was to perform all these little familiar offices of love and duty. How sorrowfully she looked back to her simple, free-and-easy life, now that she was to go among strangers who would exact all manner of ceremonious observances from her. The Bohemianism of her existence had been the greatest charm, and this poor benighted girl trembled at the prospect of a life in which she would have to go through all those terrible performances which she had read of, fearfully and wonderingly, in certain erudite essays upon Etiquette, but which had never yet come within the range of her experience.

"It is my duty to go away from them," she kept saying to herself; "it is my duty to go away." She had schooled herself in this difficult duty by the time her friends came home, and she told them very quietly that she had seen Mrs. Bannister, and had agreed to accept her patronage and services.

"I am going to be a sort of companion or musical governess—I scarcely know which—to a young lady at a country house called Hazlewood," she said. "Don't think I am not sorry to leave you, dear Signora, but Hortensia says it is better that I should do so."

"And don't think that I am not sorry to lose you, Nelly, when I tell you that I think your sister is right," the Signora answered gently, as she kissed her forehead.

Perhaps Eleanor was a little disappointed at this reply. She little dreamed how often Eliza Piccirillo had struggled against the selfishness of her affection, before she had grown thus resigned to this parting.

Mr. Richard Thornton groaned aloud. "I shall go out and pull down a couple of the Pilasters, and bury myself under them, a la Sampson," he said, piteously. "What is to become of us without you, Eleanor?"

Who will come over to the Phoenix, and applaud my great scenes with the ferule of an umbrella? Who'll cut up half-quartens leaves into toast when I am hungry, or have Welsh rarebits in readiness on the hob, when I come home late at night? Who'll play Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words' to me, and darn my stockings, and sew buttons—abundant institutions, invented by ignorant people, who have never known the blessing of pins—upon my shirts? Who'll abuse me when I go unshaven, or recommend blacking as an embellishment for my boots? Who'll career in and out of the room with a dirty white French poultice for her heels, looking like a fair-haired Emerson with a curly-coated goat? What are we to do without you, Eleanor?"

There was a sharp pain at poor Dick's heart as he apostrophised his adopted sister. Were his feelings quite brotherly? Was there no twinge of the fatal torture so common to mankind mingled with this young man's feelings as he looked at the beautiful face opposite to him, and remembered how soon it would have vanished from that shabby

chamber, leaving only dimmed lampshades behind?

The Signora looked on her nephew and sighed. Yes, it was far better that Eleanor should go away. She could never have grown to love this honest-hearted, candid, devoted music-painter, whose cast was a perfect landscape in dissembler by reason of the many colored opinions which adorned it. "My poor Dick would have fallen in love with her, and would have broken his good, honest heart," Eliza Piccirillo said. "I'm very glad she's going away."

So from the road which Dorothy had appointed for her to tread, there was not one voice to call Eleanor Vane aside. The affectionate and the indifferent alike conspired to urge her onward. It was only her own inclination that would have held her back.

"If I could have stayed in London," she thought, "there might have been some chance of my meeting that man. All escape and villainies come to hide themselves in London. But in a quiet country village I shall be buried alive. When I pass the threshold of Mrs. Darrell's house, I bid good-bye to the hope of crossing that man's pathway."

The letter came very quickly from Mrs. Bannister. Mrs. Darrell had accepted her dear friend's recommendation, and was ready to receive Miss Vincent. It was under this name the stock-broker's widow had introduced her half-sister to the notice of her friend.

"You will receive a salary of thirty pounds a year," Hortensia Bannister wrote, "and your duties will be very light. Do not forget that your name at Hazlewood is to be Vincent, and that you are carefully to avoid all reference to your father. You will be among people who know him well; and must, therefore, be on your guard. I have described you as the orphan daughter of a gentleman who died in reduced circumstances, and have thus strictly adhered to the truth. No questions will be asked of you, as Mrs. Darrell is satisfied with my recommendation, and is to well-bred to feel any vulgar curiosity as to your past history. I send you, per parcel delivery, a box of dresses and other wearing apparel, which will be of use to you. I also send you five pounds for such little extra expenditure as may be necessary. Hazlewood is thirty miles from London, and about seven from Windsor. You will go down by the Great Western, and stop at Slough, where a conveyance will meet you; but I will write further upon this matter before you go. Mrs. Darrell has kindly accorded you a fortnight's delay for such preparations as you may require to make. You will be expected at Hazlewood on the 6th of April."

"I have only one other remark to make. I know that your father cherished a foolish notion upon the subject of the Woodlands property. Pray bear in mind that no such idea has ever been entertained by me. I know the Darrell family quite well enough to feel assured that they will take care of their own rights, which I am content to acknowledge. Remember, therefore, that I have no wish or expectation with regard to Maurice de Crespigny's will; but it is, on the other hand, perfectly true, that in his youth he did make a solemn promise that, in the event of his dying a bachelor, he would leave that money to my father or his heirs."

Eleanor Vane took very little notice of this final paragraph in her sister's letter. Who cared for Maurice de Crespigny's fortune? What was the good of it now? It could not bring her father back to life; it could not blot out that quiet, unwhimsical death-scene in the Parisian cafe; it could not rehabilitate the broken name, or restore the shattered life. What could it matter who inherited the vile and useless dross?

The fortnight passed in a feverish, unsatisfactory manner. Richard and the Signora took care to conceal the poignancy of their regret at parting with the gay-hearted girl, who had brought such new brightness into their narrow lives.

Eleanor wept by stealth; dropping many bitter tears over her work, as she remodelled Mrs. Bannister's silk dresses, reducing those garments to the dimensions of her own girlish figure. The last night came by—and by, the night of the 5th of April, the eve of a sorrowful parting, and the beginning of a new existence.

It happened to be a Sunday evening, and Eleanor and Richard walked out together in the quiet Bloomsbury streets while the bells were ringing for evening service, and the lamps glimmered dimly from the church windows. They chose the loneliest streets in the old-fashioned middle-class quarter. Eleanor was very pale, very silent. This evening walk had been her express desire, and Richard watched her wonderingly. Her face had an expression which he remembered in the Rue l'Archeveque, when he had told her the story of her father's death—an unusually rigid look, strangely opposed to the changeable brightness common to that youthful countenance.

They had strolled slowly hither and thither in the deserted streets for some time. The bells had ceased ringing, and the church-goers had all disappeared. The gray twilight was stealing into the streets and squares, and the lights began to shine out from the lower windows.

"How quiet you are, Nelly," Richard said at last; "why were you so anxious that we should come out together alone, my dear?"

"I thought you had something particular to say to me."

"I have something particular to say," "What about?" asked Mr. Thornton. He looked thoughtfully at his companion. He could only see her profile—thus clearly defined, almost classical outline—for she had not turned towards him when she spoke. Her gray eyes looked straight before her into empty space, and her lips were tightly compressed.

"You love me, don't you, Richard?" she asked presently, with a suddenness that startled the other man.

Poor Dick blushed crimson at that alarming inquiry. How could she be so cruel as to ask him such a question? For the last fortnight he had been fighting with himself—Heaven knows how stupidly and honestly—in the heroic desire to put away this one fatal thought from his mind; and now the girl for whose sake he had been doing battle with his own selfishness, strikes the deadliest of all chords with her ignorant hand, and wounds her victim to the very quick.

But Miss Vane had no consciousness of the mischief she had done. Coquetry was an unknown science to this girl of seventeen. In all matters connected with that womanly accomplishment she was as much a child now that her seventeenth birthday was past, as she had been in the old days at Chiswick, when she had upset Richard's water-burner, and made grotesque topics of his paintings.

"I know you love me, Dick," she continued, "quite as much as if I were your real sister. Instead of a poor, desolate girl, who flung herself upon you and yours in the day of her affliction. I know you love me, Dick, and would do almost anything for my sake, and I wanted to speak to you to-night alone, because I am going to say something that would distress the dear Signora, if she were to hear it."

"What is it, my dear?" "You remember the story of my father's death?"

"Only too well, Eleanor." "And you remember the vow I made when you told me that story, Richard?"

The young man hesitated. "Yes, I do remember, Nelly," he said, after a pause; "but I had hoped that you had forgotten that foolish vow. For it was foolish, you know, my dear, as well as unwomanly," the young man added, gravely.

Eleanor's eyes flashed defiance upon her friend, as she turned to him for the first time that evening.

"Yes," she cried, "you thought that I had forgotten, because I was not always talking of that man who caused my father's death. You thought my sorrow for my father was only childish grief, that was to be forgotten when I turned my back upon the country where he lies in his abandoned grave—his unconsecrated grave, poor dear! You thought that nobody would ever try to avenge the poor, lonely old man's murder—for it was a murder, Richard Thornton! What did the wretch who robbed him care for the anguish of the heart he broke?—What did he care what became of his victim? It was as base and cruel a murder as was ever done upon this earth, Richard, though the world would not call it by that name."

"Eleanor, my dear Eleanor! why do you talk of these things?" The girl's voice had risen with the vehemence of her passion, and Richard Thornton dreaded the effect which this kind of conversation might have upon her excitable nature.

"Nelly, my dear," he said, "it would be better to forget all this. What good can you do by cherishing these painful recollections? You are never likely to meet this man; you do not even know his name. He was a scamp and an adventurer, no doubt; he may be dead by this time. He may have done something to bring himself within the power of the law, and he may be in prison, or transported."

"He may have done something to bring himself within the power of the law," repeated Eleanor. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that he may have committed some crime for which he could be punished."

"Could he be punished by the law for having cheated my father at cards?"

"That sort of charge is always difficult to be proved, Nelly; impossible to be proved after the fact. No, I'm afraid the law could never touch him for that."

"But if he were to commit some other crime, he might be punished?"

"Of course."

"If I met him, Richard," cried Eleanor Vane, with a dangerous light kindling in her eyes, "I would try and lure him on to commit some crime, and then turn round upon him and say, 'The law of the land could not avenge my father's death, but it can punish you for a lesser crime. I have twisted the law to my own purpose, and made it redress my father's wrongs.'"

Richard Thornton stared aghast at his companion.

"Why, Eleanor," he exclaimed, "you talk like a Red Indian! This is quite shocking. You frighten me, really; you do indeed."

"I am sorry for that, Richard," Miss Vane answered meekly. She was a child in all things which concerned her affections alone. "I couldn't grieve you or the dear Signora for the world. But there are some things that are stronger than ourselves, Richard, and the oath that I took a year and a half ago in the Rue l'Archeveque is one of those

things. I have never forgotten, Dick. Night after night—though I've been happy and light-hearted enough in the day, Richard dear, for I could not be otherwise than happy with you and the Signora—night after night I have lain awake thinking of my father's death. If that death had been a common one; if he had died in my arms at the will of God instead of by the cruelty of a wretch, my grief might have been blotted out by this time. But as it is, I cannot forget; I cannot forgive. If all the Christian people in the world were to talk to me, I could never have one merciful feeling towards this man. If he were going to be hung to-morrow, I should be glad; and could walk barefoot to the place of his execution to see him suffer. There is no mercy against him. There is no slow torture I could inflict upon him that would even come near to satisfy my hatred of him. Think what a hapless old man my father was; a broken-down gentleman; the sort of man whom everybody pities, whom everybody respects. Remember this; and then remember the cold-blooded deliberation of the wretch who cheated him out of the money which was more than money to him—which represented home—honesty—his child's future—all he valued. Remember the remorseless cruelty of the wretch who looked on while this hapless old man suffered a slow agony of six or seven hours' duration, and then left him alone in his misery and desolation. Think of this, Richard Thornton, and don't wonder any longer if my feelings towards this man are not Christian-like."

"My dear Eleanor, if I regret the vehemence of your feeling upon this subject, I do not defend the man whose treachery hurried your father to his unhappy death; I only wish to convince you of the folly you commit in cherishing these ideas of vengeance and retribution. Life is not a three-volume novel or a five act play, you know, Nelly. The sudden meetings and strange coincidences common in novels are not very general in our every-day existence. It is not at all likely that in the whole course of your life you will ever again encounter this man. From the moment of your father's death all else to him was lost; for it was only your father who could have told us who and what he was, or, at least, who and what he represented himself to be. He is lost in the vast chaos of humanity now, my dear, and you have not the faintest clue by which you might hope to find him. For Heaven's sake, then, abandon all thought of an impossible revenge. Have you forgotten the words we heard in the Epistle a few weeks ago: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. If the melodramatic revenge of the stage is not practicable in real life, we know at least, my dear—for you see we have it from very high authority—that wicked deeds do not go unpunished. Far away at the remotest limits of the earth, this man, whom your puny efforts would be powerless to injure, may suffer for his crime. Try and think of this, Eleanor."

"I cannot," answered the girl. "The letter which my father wrote me before he died, was a direct charge which I will never disobey. The only inheritance I received from him was that letter; that letter in which he told me to avenge his death. I dare say you think me mad as well as wicked, Richard; but in spite of all you have said, I believe that I shall meet this man!"

The scene-painter sighed and relapsed into despondent silence. How could he argue with this girl? What could he do but love and admire her, and entrust himself to her direction if she had need of a slave. While he was thinking this, Eleanor clasped both her hands upon his arm and looked up earnestly in his face.

"Richard, dear," she said in a low voice, "I think you would serve me if you had the power."

"I would go through fire and water to do so, Nelly."

"I want you to help me in this matter. You know as little of this man as I do, but you are much cleverer than me. You mix with other people and see something of the world; not much, I know, but still a great deal more than I do. I am going away into a quiet country place, where there is no possible chance of meeting this man; you will stay in London."

"Where I may brush against him in the streets any day, Nelly, without being a shade the wiser as to his identity. My dear child, for any practical purpose you will be as near the man in Berkshire as I shall be in Bloomsbury. Don't let's talk of him any longer, Nelly. I can't tell you how this subject distresses me."

"I won't leave off talking of him," said the young lady, resolutely, "until you have made me a promise."

"What promise?"

"That if ever you do come across any clue which may lead to the identification of the man I want to find, you will follow it up, patiently and faithfully, sparing neither trouble nor cost; for my sake, Richard, for my sake. Will you promise?"

"I will, my dear," Mr. Thornton answered. "I do promise, and I will keep my promise honestly if ever the chance of doing so should come to me. But I must tell you frankly, Nelly, I don't believe it ever will."

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"Now you see the position, unenviable and dangerous," Eleanor said, triumphantly. "I have made you much happier. There will be two people hereafter, instead of one, who will be against this man."

"A dark storm overclouded her face as she looked on as if she had uttered some last few words in the form of a threat and a defiance, which the man, whoever he was, and wherever he was, might have been sure to obey."

"You know all the strange things that may come about sunset light, and twilight, and dawn, magnetic attractions—all sorts of long words whose meaning I don't understand," Richard—I wonder whether if this man knew that I love him, and that I am not contenting for him, thinking of him, plotting to meet him day and night. Perhaps he doesn't know this, and will tell himself that he has done against me, and try and make me love him."

"I don't think that I should care to try to love him," the unromantic and sane daughter said, Richard—I wonder whether if this man knew that I love him, and that I am not contenting for him, thinking of him, plotting to meet him day and night. Perhaps he doesn't know this, and will tell himself that he has done against me, and try and make me love him."

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NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS JANE G. SWISHELL.

Early in March, 1902, Mrs. Jayson, of Philadelphia, whose husband is an Examiner in the Patent Office, called upon Mrs. Kelsey, wife of Hon. G. M. Kelsey, of Illinois, now Clerk in the Treasury Department, and stated that something must be done for the destitute contrabands then pouring into Washington. They started, on the instant, with a subscription paper. Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, headed it with a donation of five dollars, telling them they could have more as it was required.

Senator Davis, of Kentucky, although disapproving of the dark migration, gave five. Many eminent men to whom they applied, condemned their project in toto. It was the business of the Government to take care of contrabands, private charity could accomplish nothing. One Senator thought these emigrants should go on to Pennsylvania, and take the place of the laborers who had gone to the war; but these two brave women talked over "grays and reversed signs" after another over to see the necessity for some immediate action to prevent suffering which would be shocking to humanity, while plans were maturing. They thus called attention to the matter, awakened a very extended interest, and collected over two hundred dollars, in cash. Supplies of old clothing and broken food were sent or tendered. They purchased coarse cloth, cut out garments, enlisted the aid of other women, and inaugurated a new field of effort.

About the time they started, Mrs. Senator Hale, without knowing anything of their labors, made collections for the same object. But she was about to leave the city; and, hearing of their labors, brought her collection to them. Here were a company of Dorcas, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked. There were no politics in it, for men and women of all opinions, and all styles of prejudices, have united in relieving the many forms of human suffering caused by war; and if there ever was any one thing connected with this national struggle which might have been left to the women to manage, this surely was it.

But American men excel in the active virtues, and have a profound conviction that their sphere is the minute and every nook and cranny in it. So on the 11th of April, C— and some gentlemen called a meeting, met, made speeches, adopted a Constitution, elected a President, Vice President, Secretary, and Board of Managers; passed resolutions, and said their prayers; and so organized "The Freedman's Relief Association."

Our Dorcas, with genuine, feminine humility, handed their funds over to the Association; and were, in return, appointed a Committee to carry out the objects of the society. Henceforth they collected old clothes, distributed flannel skirts and made pinafors by authority.

On the 11th inst., the anniversary of the Association was held in Temperance Hall, a place devoted to dancing schools, and other benevolent objects. Prayers were said, speeches were made, a new set of officers were elected, and a report of the society read and adopted. In this report there was not one word about the woman who began, and in great measure, carried on the work. An opportunity was offered for any one present to become a member of the Association, by subscribing to the constitution and paying two dollars. A spruce lawyer brought the paper to one of the two founders of the institution and asked her to join.

The report read stated that Government furnishes rations and quarters, i. e., food and lodging and medical attendance to the objects of this charity, so that the labors of the Association consist in aiding the able-bodied to find employment, and in supplying clothing, books, and instruction. It says that ten thousand of this class of persons are now supporting themselves in this District; that scarce one in a thousand could be induced to go further north; that three thousand are in the camp at Alexandria, and one thousand here, which last number consists of sick and infirm, of women with small children, and children without protectors. All of which appears to point to this as a business which could properly have been attended to by women.

No doubt the men engaged in this matter and other charitable objects connected with the war, are very good men, and actuated by excellent motives; but if women can do nothing to aid our national struggle, the fact should be understood, and orators should cease their appeals to their patriotism. If they can do anything, what is it, if not to collect and administer the charities which the horrors of war render necessary?

Those writers who record the trials and triumphs of successful schoolmarms, all agree that the ruffian of the school invariably becomes the model scholar upon being suddenly invested with the responsibility of keeping order in the institution. What is good for contumacious boys, might not be bad for—ahem—well—women who are to be instructed in the way they should go.

If these earnest men who think Northern women are not as enthusiastically patriotic as they might be, would just try these erring women with a little responsibility, it might

with a change for the better. One has a right to believe this, from the fact that, when brought face to face with a responsibility, they generally know what to do, and do it. When our soldiers were driven in from the battle of Bull Run, and lay huddled, dying over the muddy streets of Washington, ladies laid off their bonnets, turned up their dresses, rolled up their sleeves; and, side by side with poor black men and women, carried baskets of provisions, and pitchers or cans of coffee, knelt in the mud and rain, to pour refreshments down the throats of those who were too weak to help themselves; and with buckets of water and cloths washed the mud from wounds and bound them up; and bathed and rubbed the swollen limbs and feet, powerless from days of forced marching. In this case there was no Society—no organized Association of masculine over-seers to stand between them and their work; and whenever they are brought to see something to do, they do it willingly. But, so long as our Sanitary Commissions and Relief Associations are exclusively under the management of men, so long are women left without that sense of responsibility which is the great incentive to human activity.

A National Convention of Women is to be held in New York soon, to consider what women should do to aid our national struggle. The best they can do is, nothing, and plenty of it, until some field of labor is assigned them by those who brought on the struggle and have assumed its management. Any effort is likely to be met as meddling and intrusive; and nothing can be gained by going out in search of employment. Let each cultivate quietly that love of country which will make a required sacrifice easy, or at least practicable; but "the white male citizens" of the North have not yet felt the war burdensome, and until they do they will look with jealous distrust on all offers of assistance from other classes of inhabitants.

Some of them, it is true, have suggested that women should form "Onion Leagues," and go to raising vegetables for the army. The idea meets with favor amongst patriotic editors; and it is probable that the Chickahominy spades, now no longer needed, may be distributed among "the fair daughters of Eve," and they be set to work in the onion trenches. Of course there will be male overseers appointed to mark out the beds, distribute to each laborer the proper amount and quality of seed, collect statistics of the quantity raised, keep the accounts, receive and distribute the proceeds, after disposing of as much as may be necessary to pay expenses of oversight and the salaries of the officers, whose duty it shall be to make official reports as to the success of the experiment of employing onion brigades; and, on the result will depend the decision of the question of permitting women to raise onions next year. The ladies, it is to be hoped, will bestir themselves in this new field of labor assigned them by American gallantry. As it is probable they will still be allowed to aid in collecting old baby linen and flannel shirts, in making aprons, nightgowns, slippers, &c., for the officers of various benevolent organizations to distribute, there will be no great lack of business for all, and no occasion for holding conventions to devise work.

It is pitiable to see the many women who come here on bootless errands—the desire to see a sick husband or brother, or father or son, and the bitter disappointment on being unable to get to him. The feeling that some dear one can be discharged from service, in some circumstance of distress, costs many an expensive journey. It is hard for women to give up the idea of some influence in personal entreaty. They cannot realize that a case of distress which to their vision darkens all the heavens, may be a mere speck, or invisible, to the gaze of the official whose decision is to them as of life or death.

It is perhaps well that men have less of that strong sympathy which makes women's life so much one of feeling. They would be very unfit to fill their present idea of official duty if they were readily moved by sighs and sounds of sorrow. It is well for those who may think of costly efforts to obtain discharges for friends in cases of affliction, to know that it is now impossible, except for the personal incapacity of the soldier himself. This rule sometimes appears stern in its operation, but probably it is necessary.

An application of this nature was lately made on behalf of an aged clergyman, in one of the northern counties of Pennsylvania, a man generally known over several counties, and unusually beloved—one who for thirty years has preached in the same congregation besides itinerating extensively and founding several congregations. At the breaking out of the war he had two sons and three daughters. The eldest had been educated for, and designed adopting his father's profession, but volunteered as a private soldier. Within a few weeks the son, at home died, after a lingering illness, of consumption. A few days after, the eldest daughter died. The father, now seventy years of age, became dangerously ill, and his mental powers gave way to a degree very distressing, while his physicians looked upon his days as numbered and short. The second daughter was also alarmingly ill, and the sympathetic community concluded that the son in the army should be restored to his sorrow-stricken home. There the case

appeared, one of such gentle nature as only to require persuasion; but here it was dismissed, without a moment's hesitation, as one of thousands, one in which the application for a short furlough was an offense.

Decisions of this kind are not uncommon, and those who believe that cases of hardship may find sympathy by visits of solicitation to headquarters had better count the costs of journey and small probability of success.

For the past two weeks there has been three days of dry weather for every two of rain, and the mud is stiffening. The peach trees are in bloom, and the grass in the public squares luxuriously green.

Gen. Jackson still sits on his powerful rampant charger in the midst of Lafayette square; and the wonder of that miracle of art still grows. That immense bronze casting, weighing enough to crush anything but a bed of solid masonry, poised upon the hind legs of the horse as perfectly as a living animal could balance himself and rider; and there standing and to stand, apparently for centuries, so naturally, so easily, that one might look for hours without a sense of weariness—without any feeling that the position was one of strain or effort—it surely is an ever-increasing wonder.

The merit of Clark Mills' statues is their ease of position, the perfect poise with which the centre of gravity is preserved, and the sense of rest conveyed by his most breathing figure. His Goddess of Liberty, designed for the dome of the capitol, stands as though sitting would be no rest and reclining were forever unnecessary—as if standing were her business, her recreation, and her choice. To most standing figures one feels, after looking at them a few moments, like offering a chair, but this one excites admiration alone, never pity or a feeling of unrest.

Many fear that its great weight may crush the dome when placed in the position for which it was designed. The fear is not wholly groundless, for the placing of so great a mass of metal on a hollow wall pierced by a lattice-work of windows, and at such an immense height, must be something of an experiment. The foundation walls of the twelve story Edinburgh houses are eighteen feet thick, and if this is necessary in a dwelling when the weight of the wall is rapidly diminished with each ascending story, and the entire structure is bound together by cross walls, it would appear nearly if not quite impossible to carry up a hollow, circular dome of stone flagstone work to such a height above all collateral support, and give it sufficient strength to bear such a weight. A fac-simile in wood or hollow plaster would appear quite as well, and might ward off a crash very terrible in its results, while the genuine casting as a rare work of art could be better appreciated at a nearer view on a suitable pedestal where she stands to guard the entrance to the national Hall.

P. B. "Notes" number one show the great disadvantage under which eastern publishers and typesetters labor in residing so far from Minnesota. Had the compositors of THE POST lived in the North Star state every one of them would have known that it is a tepee which a squaw carries when she changes her place of residence. It is sometimes spelled teepee, and if it was so in the manuscript they thus easily read it "teepee" as it appears. A tepee is an Indian house and so nearly resembles, in form, a suspended hoop skirt that Indians have been known, on first seeing a woman in hoops to become almost excited and exclaim, "See tepee. See tepee! Big tepee, little tepee!"

One of the favorite pleasantries of the savages, during the late massacres, was to don hoop skirts, and dance and yell "teepee, tepee."

They have an odd way, it would seem, of complimenting actors at the New Orleans theatres, under the new regime. It was not always so. We read that one James Campbell, who mistook a bunch of carrots for a bouquet, which he threw on the stage of the Varieties, was sent to prison for ten days. He laid all the blame on the nigger boy that sold him the bouquet, and in his haste he did not discover whether they were carrots or carnations.

Funeral-bells are the door-bells of the other world, and gravestones mark the boundary line between this and that.

The following is a genuine transcript of an epitaph:—"Here lies the remains of Thomas Woodson—the most amiable of husbands, the most excellent of men. N. B.—The name is Woodcock, but it would not come in rhyme."

A young lady in company with a prelate, consented, after a long and coy resistance, to be led to the piano. When she sang, it was so badly, that, as she faltered, no one was found with sufficient heroism to express to the fair executant the collective thanks of the audience. In this strait his lordship arose, and crossing the room, said, with his sweetest smile, "Thank you, Miss Smith, very particularly. Another time, when you say you can't sing, we shall all know how to believe you."

Western preaching elder, boasting of the ample provision made for preachers in his district, said he had left the parsonage of A— while a donation was going on, where he saw 1,700 feet of sausage, which had been brought in, and it was coming when he left.

THIRTY years ago, Alderman Wood, previously Lord Mayor of London, was among the many English visiting Paris. The worthy alderman, desiring to come out strong in the language of that country, ordered a hundred visiting cards, inscribed upon them *M Alderman Wood, 3rd Lord Mayor de Londres*, and largely distributed them among people of rank, quite ignorant that the word *3rd*, which he too freely translated "late," actually meant "deceased."

Since sugar has advanced they make confectionary from globules of plaster of Paris, coated with sugar. It would take just a quarter of a pound to kill a child in twenty-four hours. Plaster of Paris in form sells at twenty-five and thirty cents a pound.

Here is an instance of wickedness for severe reprobation:—The Springfield Republican says the man who proposed putting a shovelful of manure in the grave of every person buried in the sterile soil of Cape Cod, so that the quickened bodies might have a chance of coming up at the last day, is now out with a new yeast powder, which he is confident will make the negro rise.

FARGUESON, THE POST, DIED OF STARVATION.—A splendid monument stands his grave, and on it is written, "He asked for bread and ye gave him a stone." The finest sarcophagus ever uttered.

Brazil now produces for exportation nearly half the coffee of the world.

Some of our steamboats on the Mississippi are to be clad in cotton. The rain would be best in wool.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of "THE EARLY YEARS," "ELEANOR," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.
MARION HARLAND, Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.
AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted to HUMOR, RECIPIES, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE? To any one sending thirty subscriptions and \$50, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for \$45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of \$3.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the \$50 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money (\$50), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one inserted or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

Some thirty years ago, when she travelled alone between London and Paris, she was prepared to accept the custom of this stranger quite as readily as she had accepted the care and protection of the elderly gentleman who had taken charge of her upon that occasion.

But here was she to recognize the stranger. She could not walk up to every gentleman in the waiting-room, to ask him if he were Mr. Monckton.

She had to elicit all her wanderings travelled in second-class carriages, and waited in second-class waiting-rooms. She shrank back, therefore, rather timidly upon the threshold of the spacious carpeted saloon, and looked a little nervously at the occupants of that gorgeous chamber. There were a group of ladies near the fire-place, and two or three gentlemen in different parts of the room. One of these gentlemen was a little man with gray hair and a red face; the other was very young and very sandy; the third was a tall man of about fifty, with clean-cut black hair, and a square massive face and head, not exactly a handsome face, perhaps, but a countenance not easily to be overlooked.

This tall man was standing near one of the windows, reading a newspaper. He looked up as Eleanor pushed open the swinging door.

"I wonder which of them is Mr. Monckton," she thought. "Not that sandy young man with the red hair, I hope."

While she still stood doubtfully upon the threshold, hesitating what to do—the little man with a pretty picture she made in that timid, fluttering attitude—the tall man threw down his newspaper upon the sofa beside him, and walked across the room to where she stood.

"Miss Vincent, I believe!" he said.

Eleanor blushed at the sound of that false name, and then bent her head in reply to the question. She could not say yes, she could not fall into this disagreeable falsehood all at once.

"I am Mrs. Darrell's friend and legal adviser," Mr. Monckton, the gentleman said quietly, "and I shall be very happy to perform the duty she has entrusted to me. We are in very good time, Miss Vincent. I know that young ladies are generally ultra-punctual upon these occasions, and I came very early in order to anticipate you, if possible."

Eleanor did not speak. She was looking furtively at the face of Mrs. Darrell's friend and legal adviser. A good and wise adviser, Miss Vincent thought; for the face, not strictly handsome, seemed to bear in its every feature the stamp of three qualities—goodness, wisdom, and strength.

"I am sure he is very good," she thought, "but I would not like to offend him for the world, for though he looks so kind now, I know he must be terrible when he's angry."

She looked almost fearfully at the strongly-marked black eyebrows, thinking what a stormy darkness must overshadow the massive face when they contracted over the grave, brown eyes—serious and earnest eyes, but with a latent fire lurking somewhere in their calm depths, Eleanor thought.

The girl's mind rambled on thus while she stood by the stranger's side in the sunlit window. Already the blackness of her new life was broken by this prominent figure standing boldly out upon its very threshold. Already she was learning to be interested in new people.

"He isn't a bit like a lawyer," she thought; "I fancied lawyers were always shabby old men, with blue bags. The men who used to come to Chelsea after papa, were always nasty disagreeable men, with papers about the Queen and Richard Roe."

Mr. Monckton looked thoughtfully down at the girl by his side. There was a vein of silent poetry, and there were dim glimpses of artistic feeling hidden somewhere in the nature of this man, very far below the hard, business-like exterior which he presented to the world. He felt a quiet pleasure in looking at Eleanor's young beauty. It was her youthfulness, perhaps, her almost childlike innocence, which made her greatest charm. Her face was not that of a common beauty; her aquiline nose, gray eyes, and firmly-moulded mouth had a certain air of queenliness very rarely to be seen; but the youth of the soul shining out of the clear eyes was visible in every glance, in every change of expression.

"Do you know much of Berkshire, Miss Vincent?" the lawyer asked, presently.

"Oh, no, I have never been there."

"You are very young, and I dare say have never left home before," Mr. Monckton said. He was wondering that no relative or friend had accompanied the girl to the station.

"I have been at school," Eleanor answered; "but I have never been away from home before—to get my own living."

"I thought not. Your papa and mamma must be very sorry to lose you."

"I have neither father nor mother."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Monckton; "that's strange."

Then, after a pause, he said, in a low voice:

"I think the young lady you are going to will like you all the better for that."

"Why?" Eleanor asked involuntarily.

"Because she has never known either father or mother."

"Poor girl!" murmured Eleanor, "they are both dead, then?"

The lawyer did not answer this question.

It was to the gentleman's credit that he asked a question which was quite new to her.

"Do you like going to Haverwood, Miss Vincent?" he said, by-and-by, rather abruptly.

"Not very much."

"Why not?"

"Because I am leaving very dear friends to go to."

"Strangers, who may ill treat you, oh?" murmured Mr. Monckton. "You need have no apprehension of that sort of thing, I assure you, Miss Vincent. Mrs. Darrell is rather rigid in her ideas of life; she has had her disappointments, poor soul, and you must be patient with her; but Laura Mason, the young lady who is to be your companion, is the gentlest and most affectionate girl in Christendom, I should think. She is a sort of ward of mine, and her future life is in my hands; a very heavy responsibility, Miss Vincent; she will have plenty of money by-and-by—houses, and horses, and carriages, and servants, and all the outer paraphernalia of happiness; but Heaven knows if she will be happy, poor girl. She has never known either mother or father. She has lived with all manner of respectable matrons, who have promised to do a mother's duty to her, and have tried to do it, I dare say; but she has never had a mother, Miss Vincent. I am always sorry for her when I think of that."

The lawyer sighed heavily, and his thoughts seemed to wander away from the young lady in his charge. He stood still at the window, looking out at the bustle on the platform, but not seeing it, I think, and took no further notice of Eleanor until the bell rang for the starting of the train.

"Come, Miss Vincent," he said, rousing himself suddenly from his reverie; "I have forgotten all about your ticket. I'll put you into a carriage, and then send a porter for it."

Mr. Monckton scarcely spoke to his companion half-a-dozen times during the brief journey to Blough. He sat with a newspaper before him, but Eleanor noticed that he never turned its leaves, and once, when she caught a glimpse of the lawyer's face, she saw that it wore the same gloomy and abstracted expression that she had observed upon it as Mr. Monckton stood in the window of the waiting-room.

"He must be very fond of his ward," she thought, "or he could never be so sorry because she has no mother. I thought lawyers were hard, cruel, men, who cared for nothing in the world. I always used to fancy my sister Hortensia ought to have been a lawyer."

By-and-by, as they drew very near to the station, Mr. Monckton dropped his newspaper with another sigh, and turning to Eleanor, said, in a low, confidential voice:

"I hope you will be very good to Laura Mason, Miss Vincent. Remember that she stands quite alone in the world; and that however friendly, however devoted you may be—I say this because you tell me you are an orphan—you can never be so friendly or so devoted as she is."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THINGS WORTH FORGETTING.

It is almost frightful, and altogether humiliating, to think how much there is in the common on-going of domestic and social life, which deserves nothing but to be instantly and forever forgotten. Yet it is equally amusing how large a class seem to have no other business but to repeat and perpetuate these very things. That is the vocation of gossip—an order of society that perpetuates more mischief than all the combined plagues of Egypt together. You may have noticed how many speeches there are, which become mischievous by being heard a second time; and what an army of both sexes are sworn to see to it, that the fatal repetition shall be had. Blessed is that man or woman that can let drop all the burrs and thistles, instead of picking them up, and fastening them to the next passer-by! Would we only let the vexing and malicious sayings die, how fast the lacerated and scandal ridden world would get healed and tranquillized.

Canadian officials are growing quite independent. The Speaker of the Assembly recently refused to kneel before the representative of her Majesty, in presenting the address. Though told that the Speaker of the British House of Commons did so, he said he would resign first.

Living is cheap in Japan. You can buy a first class house for thirty dollars; hire a servant for fifty cents a month, and live comfortably for two cents a day, or fourteen cents a week. What a country for young married people to set up housekeeping in! But then every people have their little peculiarities, and that of the Japanese is obliging a man to rip himself open on every slight provocation. On the whole it will hardly pay to emigrate to Japan.

He who asked the daughter's hand and got the father's foot, had the consolation of knowing that his wooing was not bootless.

A young man relating the account of a disaster that happened on board a smack, where he happened to be, said, "while he was climbing up the long stick of wood in front of the vessel, he got tangled in the twine."

Similar to some. Like a cat left by the

